Vol. CXLIV. No. 1869.

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THE BYSTANDER October 11, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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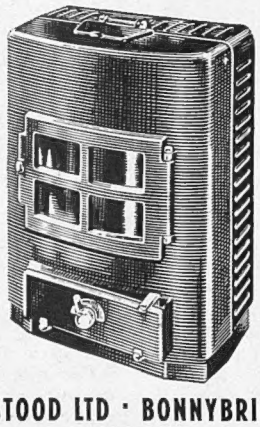

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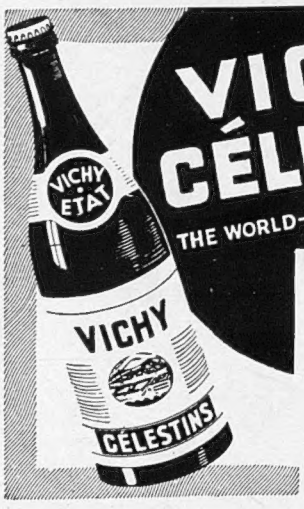

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The Bystander, October 11, 1939 No. 1869. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

"Worth an Army Corps"

Mr. Churchill, Radio "Star," as Bridegroom's Father, with Lady Digby

Mr. Winston Churchill, bridegroom's father, escorted Lady Digby, bride's mother, out of St. John's, Smith Square, after the Randolph Churchill—Pamela Digby wedding (see p. 36). The First Lord of the Admiralty had begun the week by making the war's best broadcast so far, a talk on the First Month that was impeccable in manner and matter (save for an overloaded envelopment—"riddle wrapped in mystery inside an enigma"—unworthy of the speaker's reputation as a litterateur). To our enemies the speech—like the new First Lord's first important Commons statement—was a vigorous refutation of decadence; to our friends "more heartening than all the outpourings of the Ministry of Information and all the discreet utterances of the Prime Minister put together" (*New York Sun*). The *New York Herald-Tribune* said it was spoken "with a plainly passionate conviction, a contagious courage, and in common human language which all men can understand," summing up Mr. Churchill's qualities as a leader as "worth an army corps"

France and Britain Collaborate on Economic Warfare

M. Paul Morand (standing) heads the French mission on economic warfare which is now collaborating with our own Ministry—here he confers with Mr. R. H. Cross, the Minister. M. Morand is a diplomat de carrière (he was secretary at the French Embassy here during the last war), but he is better known still as a man of letters; and his appointment parallels that of playwright Jean ("Amphytrion 38") Giraudoux as France's Chief of Propaganda

The Turkish Military Mission Comes to London

General Kiazim Orbay, head of the Turkish Military Mission, was met on his arrival at Waterloo by the Turkish Ambassador, Dr. Aras (left) and Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood. Next day the Mission spent in meetings with Government representatives at the War Office and with the C.I.G.S., General Sir Edmund Ironside. General Orbay was in England on a visit earlier this year. This time he is accompanied by his wife, an enthusiastic supporter of the women's emancipation movement in Turkey. She is seeing London for the first time, and at once went shopping. Meanwhile the Turkish Foreign Minister was in Moscow receiving and replying to the Soviet demands on his country

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

WHEN a lot of things were looking blue, especially on the geographical line from Estonia to Turkey, the First Lord of the Admiralty invigorated the nation with his broadcast speech. The reverberations of that speech will not die down for quite a while. It was in the First Lord's most characteristic vein, tremendous emphasis on one phrase followed by a quiet bit of under-statement in the next, as, for example, when he described the Royal Navy as hunting the submarines "not without relish." It is unbelievable that any department could be so stupid as the one which altered his simple and immensely eloquent words, "Hitler and his wicked men," to the trivial slang of Chicago, "Hitler and his gangsters," for the reproduction of the broadcast to the world.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN in his speech to the House of Commons added little to what Mr. Churchill had said in his broadcast. The Prime Minister, of course, is never so dramatic as the First Lord, but he was completely firm in his quiet statement that neither this country nor France will "abandon the purpose for which we have entered upon this struggle" in face of any threat from any quarter. There is nothing, he said, in the Russian-German agreement which should cause us to do anything else than what we are doing now, namely, mobilising all the might of the British Empire for the effective prosecution of the war.

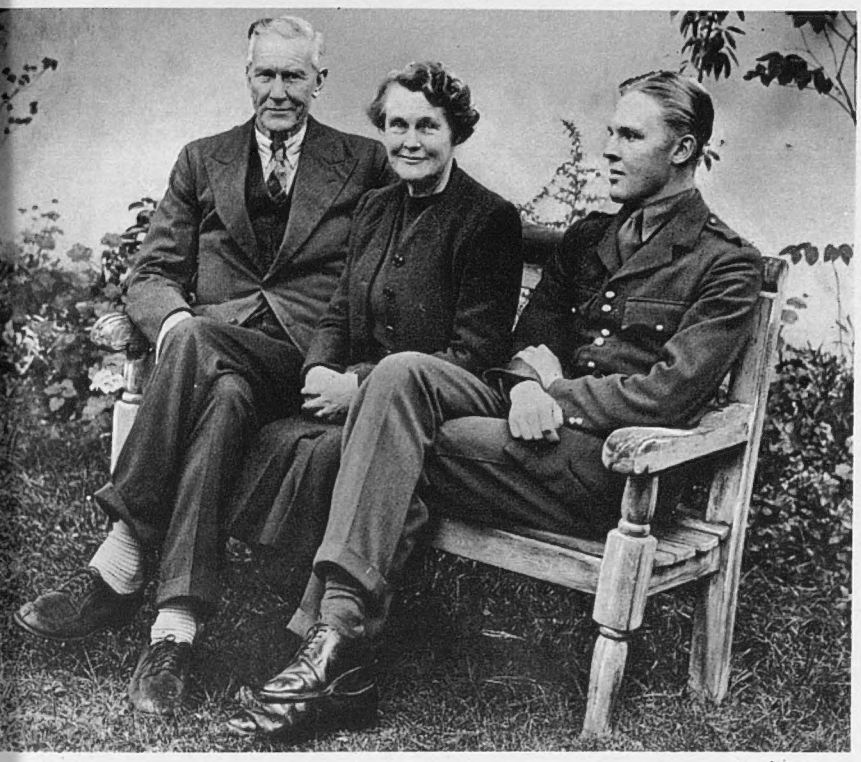
THE lull in the sinking of British ships by U-boats may be due to one of two things. Either Mr. Churchill and the Royal Navy have given them such a scare that they have returned home in order to work out the details of some new method of attacking our shipping, the first method having proved such a failure; or, secondly, it may simply be a matter of supplies. The long-distance submarines, which went to their stations before the war was declared, may have had to return for fuel, while the smaller boats operate in safety against Scandinavian trawlers and such-like. The question of armed raiders in the South Atlantic may prove to be difficult for some time. Many German ships fled to South American ports when the war started, and it would not be beyond the bounds of possibility for the German colony in one or two of those ports, plus a little judicious bribery, to have arranged for the mounting of guns on some of these ships. Their ultimate fate, of course, is inevitable, but they may do damage before they are ultimately hunted down.

IT will be, however, a good deal more serious if it turns out that the raider which sank the Clement in South American waters is one of the three pocket-battleships. These ships are equipped with Diesel engines in order to keep to sea as long as possible without refuelling. At reasonably economical speeds they could probably do twenty thousand miles on a single cruise without touching land. The trouble about these ships was put in an epigram when they were built. A battleship can't catch them and a cruiser can't sink them. The answer to that is, of course, the battle-cruiser, which could catch them and blow them out of the water very quickly. Students of the last war will remember the terrific burst of energy with which Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher sent the battle-cruisers to the Falkland Islands to deal with Von Spee. For all we know, the same thing may be happening now.

THE Prime Minister made one point about the anti-submarine warfare which was not included in the First Lord's speech. He said that the relentless hunting of the U-boats during the last week or so had been greatly helped by the bright moonlight nights. A quiet night on the surface is of vast importance to a submarine. The crew get rest and fresh air, and the engineers can recharge the batteries. Aeroplane reconnaissance and depth-charges under the moon are changing all that.

IN the diplomatic flurry and scurry that is whizzing round the ancient red walls of the Kremlin at this moment, far too much attention in this country is being paid to the Baltic States. There has not been a moment for the last fifteen years when the U.S.S.R. could not have mopped them up with ease, and no one able to lift a finger. Incomparably more important is the attitude of Turkey. While the Turkish Foreign Minister plays for time in Moscow—and no more skilful and patient diplomats exist in the world than the Turks—the Turkish soldiers arrive in London.

THE Turks are in a magnificent position, and they know it. The Russians—powerful as they are—dare not risk the



The British Representative in Eire and His Wife and Son

Sir John Maffey's appointment, by arrangement between the British and Irish Governments, as British representative in Eire was announced two weeks ago. His post is a new and important one, created because of the many problems arising from the special relationship between the United Kingdom and neutral Eire. Sir John Maffey, formerly Permanent Colonial Under-Secretary, retired in 1937: the famous report on Abyssinia before the Italian invasion was his responsibility. He and Lady Maffey and their son, Simon, were photographed at their Norfolk home

Director and Controller of "Aunt Sally" Censorship

Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne, Censorship's Director, took its new Controller, Sir Walter Monckton, round the Ministry of Information the morning after the latter's appointment. But the Press still had cocoanuts for Aunt Sally censorship. They asked what exactly Sir Walter Monckton's job was to be. Then Lord Macmillan announced the removal of the Press Censorship from Ministry of Information control, and the next question was, to whom is Sir Walter Monckton responsible? He will anyway be busy, since he is also on the Committee dealing with interned aliens' appeals

fortification of the Dardanelles against their commerce. Nor can they do any harm to Turkey on land. Asia Minor is a terrible nut for attacking infantry to crack, and is a grim country for aircraft to fly over, with no targets and no landing-grounds. But its sea coast-line is very vulnerable to a powerful fleet based on, say, the Dodecanese Islands, and bombers from Rhodes could play Old Harry with Smyrna. Therefore, the Ankara Government has nothing to fear from Moscow, and, so long as it remains on good terms with Britain, but only so long, nothing to fear from Rome. As I write, it is reported that Ankara does not recognise the partition of Poland. If that is true, it is a characteristic gesture of a brave country which knows its own strength.

As I write, the troops are concentrating from all directions in Berlin for the great peace offensive. Presumably the main barrage will have been laid down in the Reichstag by this time, with Count Ciano skirmishing on the wings. When the attack has been driven back in Westminster, presumably the actual war itself will re-emerge out of its hole in the ground, and the fur (and the lead) will begin to fly.

The *Economist* published recently a remarkable article on the possibility of Russian help for Germany in the way of food and raw materials. There are four obstacles in the way of substantial assistance, says the *Economist*. The first is political; the second is the difficulty of payment; the third is transport; and the fourth, Russia's small surplus for export. Only in timber and manganese ore could Russia materially assist Germany, and even that would depend on the transport. "If one-tenth of all the Soviet trucks were to be placed at the exclusive disposition of the Germans, and each truck was loaded once a month (an optimistic estimate, in view of the distance), the total annual carrying capacity would be less than Germany's peacetime imports of iron ore alone." And, of course, German trucks, being of a different gauge, would be useless.

The Tribunals set up to deal with enemy aliens have started work. In 1914 the matter of aliens was simple. Every German was an enemy. To-day, at least ninety per cent. of the forty thousand enemy aliens in this country are passionately anti-Nazi, and are longing to help the Allies. The Tribunals, therefore, will have two jobs—to decide whether each alien is dangerous, and, if not, how he or she can best help the cause.

The war correspondents have still, as I write, not gone to the war. Things are very different from the days when Hamilton Fyfe was given money by the *Daily Mail* to buy himself a horse, and despatched within a day or two of the outbreak of war. American correspondents are chafing at the obstacles put in their way by the British, and are concentrating upon the French Front, where they get a little more scope. At any rate, they are allowed to be there, which is more than their British colleagues are.

A fortnight ago it gave one quite a shock of surprise to see a child in the streets of London. To-day, children are becoming more and more a common sight, as the criminally foolish parents bring them back from the country to the danger areas. There are, of course, no schools open in the danger areas, and I do not see why a few well-publicised prosecutions under the Education Act might not be useful. These parents are deliberately taking their children away from the school allotted to them by the State.

The publication of Mr. A. A. Milne's Autobiography is a reminder of the remarkable career he has had, and of the unfair persistence with which a certain group of critics and writers have labelled him as the author of the nursery poems and nothing else. The reason being, of course, that those books were immensely successful from the worldly point of view. Those of us whose memories go back over a couple of world wars can remember the weekly excitement with which we looked forward to the cricket stories in *Punch*, and, after the first war, how we flocked to Mr. Milne's comedies. The book, by the way, is called *It's Too Late Now*, and is published by the house of Methuen.

The low record for imbecility so far goes to a famous lady correspondent in a famous penny daily. In an attack upon girls who wear trousers she says: "To see us shedding our feminine frills at the very beginning of the war is to me just playing Hitler's game."

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS

Dr. Zuckerman and Lady Joan Rufus Isaacs

Dr. Solomon Zuckerman and Lady Joan Rufus Isaacs, elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, of 65, Rutland Gate, S.W.7, were married at Caxton Hall register office. He is a scientist, is demonstrator in the human anatomy department at Oxford, used to hold the same position in Cape Town University, lives at 3, Museum Road, Oxford

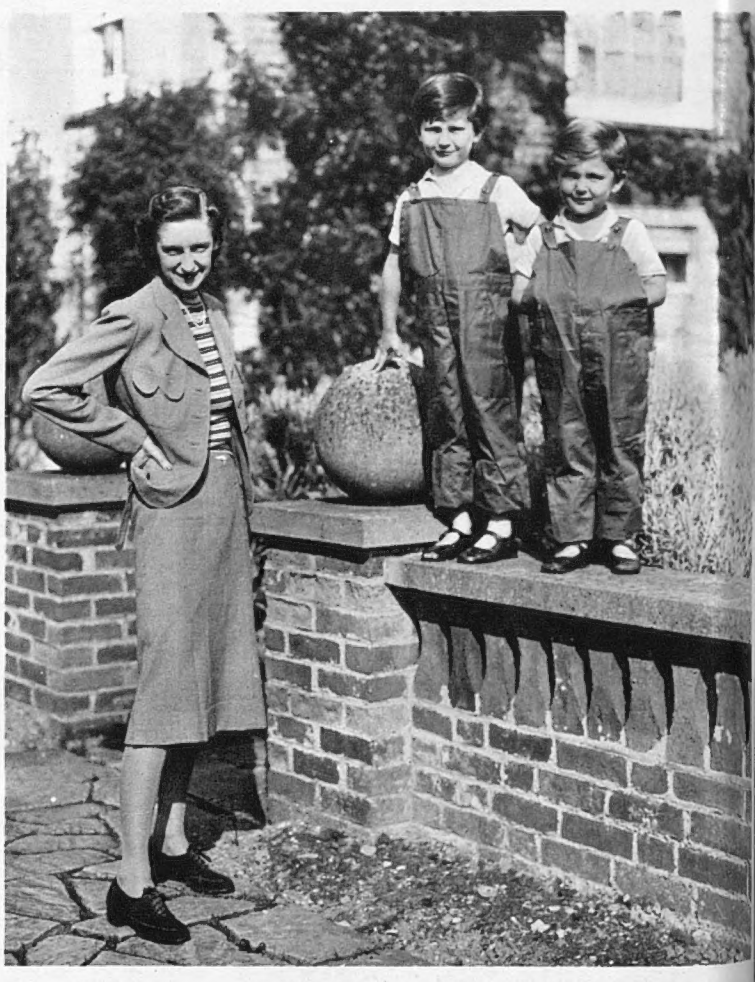
Miss Brownell, Mr. Brett, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett

Antony Baliol Brett is the son of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Maurice Brett, and the Hon. Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare), of 2, Tilney Street, W.1. Bay Helen Brownell is the daughter of the late C. N. Brownell, of Birkenhead and Calcutta, and Mrs. B. E. Dixon, of 31, Tregunter Road, S.W.10. They were photographed after their quiet London wedding, with the bridegroom's mother

The Hon. Pamela Digby and Mr. Randolph Churchil

Randolph Churchill and the Hon. Pamela Digby had a St. John's, Smith Square, wedding last Wednesday and a small reception afterwards at Admiralty House. He is the only son of the First Lord of the Admiralty and Mrs. Winston Churchill. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, of Minterne, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and niece through her mother of Lord Aberdare, the Countess of Bradford, the Countess of Rosebery; came out last year

COUNTRY FAMILY



Lady Ebury and Her Sons at Their Berkshire Home

The Eburys did not have to evacuate their two attractive small sons when war came, as they already lived in the country. They moved to a new Berkshire home—Day's House, East Hannay—during the summer, from Kingston Bagpuize. The overalled boys are Francis Egerton Grosvenor, five last February, and Robert Victor Grosvenor, two years younger. Lady Ebury was Anne Acland-Troyte before her 1933 marriage. Her husband is Lord-in-Waiting to the King. His brother, the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, married a Cornish girl, Margaret Jacobs, last month

Mr. Wigan and Miss Dawn Gordon

Adair Michael Charles Wigan and Dawn Patrine Gordon were married at Cranbourne Parish Church. He is the only son of Captain and Mrs. Denis Wigan, of Loudham Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, Cranbourne, Dorset. Her twin sisters, Thalia and Anthea, were debutantes this year

WEDDING GUESTS

Lady Elizabeth Isaacs, Viscount Erleigh

Lord Erleigh and Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs were at the register office wedding of their sister and Dr. Zuckerman (far left). Lord Erleigh, twenty-three this year, is now in the ranks. He is the only son and Lady Elizabeth Isaacs is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading

Scottish Congratulations

General Sir Ian Hamilton was a guest at the wedding of Mr. Lachlan Gordon Duff and Miss Hersey Baird (see page 52). He congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baird, the bride's brother and sister-in-law, on the birth of their son and heir a month or two ago. Mrs. Baird is American, was Maxine Darrell

AROUND IN LONDON

Miss Betty Harbord works at an ambulance depot, lunches at the Ritz on her day off

Earl Poulett, electricity expert, comes up from Somerset to buy equipment and attend the Lords

Miss Esmé Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere's seventeen-year-old granddaughter, has a black poodle

Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower was up for a day's shopping from her Isle of Wight war-work

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Lord and Lady Lovat's son and heir, Simon Augustin Fraser, was christened last week at Eskdale Chapel, Beauly. His parents were married last year; Lady Lovat was Rosamund Broughton, is the daughter of Sir Delves Broughton, Bt.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stevenson's son was named Christopher Terence at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Below are Miss Sylvia Rapozo, Mr. Stevenson, Miss Moira Hopwood, holding the baby, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. G. S. Ivanovic, and, behind, Mr. C. Austin. The Stevensons (she was Gloria Gordon) were married in 1938

Scottish Christening: the Master of Lovat

Wellington Barracks Christening: Christopher Terence Stevenson

News Reel

Noel Coward Works at the Admiralty

Noel Coward has completed his transition from enfant terrible of the theatre to pillar of society by getting a way-up position in the Admiralty. Always fond of the Senior Service (see "Present Indicative"), he now works in uniform and has A.D.C.s to do his bidding. On the left, his latest photograph shows him in becomingly Whitehall clothes

Elsie Randolph Entertains Our Brave Boys

Somewhere to the west of London last week a barracks hut saw the first of a series of sixteen N.A.A.F.I. entertainments for troops arranged by Jack Buchanan. He and Elsie Randolph "were at the top of the bill and the top of their form," and Elsie Randolph went down among the men to sing "We're Gonna Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line" (if the Siegfried Line's still there)

Film-Stars' Departure for America

Simone Simon, Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth left Lisbon recently on the Vulcania for New York. Mlle. Simon has been holidaying in Europe, is now going to make her New York stage debut. Jan Kiepura, the Polish tenor, who deserted the opera stage for films a year or two back, is now working for his country on a propaganda mission to the U.S.A. His wife is also known on the stage and screen

President's Daughters' Arrival in London

Mme. Moscicki, wife of the First Secretary to the Polish Embassy in London, and daughter-in-law of ex-President Moscicki, took the two Pilsudski girls under her wing when they arrived in London with their mother ten days ago. Wanda and Jadwiga Pilsudski are eighteen and nineteen. They and Mme. Pilsudski, widow of Poland's great President, escaped through Lithuania when the Russians were only two hours from Vilna

Jack Buchanan Entertains Our Brave Girls

Here is the war picture, style 1939—not a pretty little actress among the men, but a handsome actor among the women. These girls of the A.T.S., among other troops, attended the Buchanan concert, west of London, when Jack, Elsie Randolph, Fred Emney, di Pietro and a lively company gave of their best to break the initial boredom of Army training

Rose Rosenburg Marries a Hungarian

Laszlo Hoenig (right) and Rose Rosenburg were married at Chelsea Register Office. Malcolm MacDonald, Colonial Secretary, was a guest. Miss Rosenburg, for fifteen years secretary to Ramsay MacDonald, is now on the Home Office Advisory Council of the W.V.S. Her Hungarian husband is an architect-artist who has lived here for six years

Pilot-Officer Obolensky Returns to Rugger

Right: Prince Alexander Obolensky, who flew over the ground as wing three-quarter for Oxford, England, Rosslyn Park, has now joined the R.A.F., but returned to his club to play against Harlequins at the Old Deer Park

The First Rehearsal of "Second Helping"

Left: Dorothy Dickson, Isobel Jeans and Ivor Novello himself are the stars of the new Novello comedy, "Second Helping," which went into rehearsal last week at the Globe. It opens at Southport on October 30th and then comes to London —or thereabouts

Two of the kingdom's most famous professional golfers gave their services to draw a good gallery at Royal Mid-Surrey in aid of Red Cross funds. On the right they shake hands before the match, which grim Compston won from smiling Cotton by a hole

Cotton and Compston Golf for Red Cross Funds

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon came up from Highclere Castle for the Churchill—Digby wedding, which brought more socialites together than any London event since war started. With them here is Lord Stanley of Alderley (right). Lady Carnarvon — Tilly Losch to her stage fans — has a lot of evacuated children to look after down at Newbury and does it with great gaiety (as illustrated in last week's "Bystander")

Guests at the Churchill—Digby Wedding

Outside Admiralty House, where the reception was held, Mrs. Randolph Churchill said good-bye to her sister, the Hon. Sheila Digby (a 1939 debutante), while seventeen-year-old Mary Churchill stood on her toes and threw her arms round her brother's neck. A picture of the bride and bridegroom leaving St. John's, Smith Square, is on p. 36

In this wedding group are the Hon. Seymour Berry, who was Mr. Churchill's best man, Miss Pauline Winn, Captain David Margesson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Chief Whip, Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., and Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney

Outside Admiralty House Miss Virginia Cowles talked and laughed with Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Mines Department carried one of the comparatively few gas-masks. Most people felt confident last week that air raids wouldn't start at least until after Hitler's Reichstag speech

The Countess of Limerick, president of the British Red Cross Society, went in uniform to the wedding, walked to the Admiralty with Lord Aberdare, the bride's uncle (he is an Auxiliary Ambulance driver), and Lord and Lady Digby's youngest daughter and son, the Hon. Jaquetta and the Hon. Edward Digby

Films of the Day

You Have Seen Something Like This Before

By George Campbell

WHEN Major Guy du Maurier wrote *An Englishman's Home* he used the pen-name, "A Patriot," which might seem to argue a certain pomposity and lack of humour. But then, that was before the last war, when William le Queux was moving the date forward every time his publishers brought out a new edition of *The Invasion of* 1910, and some people were cheering "Bobs" while others said he was a superannuated scaremonger, and Northcliffe was screaming about the menace of Germany when it wasn't the menace of France. Britons took their patriotism straight in those far-off, peaceful days; and to find the smallest fault in Kipling was to proclaim disbelief in God—the English God who gave us dominion over palm and pine and ordained in His wisdom that the black races should begin at Calais.

Now, after thirty years, *An Englishman's Home* has been re-written by three well-known writers, including Edward Knoblock and Dennis Wheatley. Mechanically, we have advanced a bit. We hear references to a trench in the Englishman's lawn, just so that we may see his comic fury. There is a gag about A.R.P., slightly coarse and not very funny. The spy in the attic gets into touch with the enemy by wireless, and by the same means guides the raiding bombers. We see anti-aircraft guns going into action and a couple of the bombers brought down—or brought half-way down; for there the flaming models seem to stick.

But psychologically the story is just where it was. The Englishman put up as typical in 1939 is the Englishman of 1909—or, rather, the Englishman of the 1909 stage, all bouncing jollity, childish optimism and sterling honesty which forbids him to think ill of his foreign neighbour.

The other characters are mostly in much the same state of arrested development. The daughter is a schoolgirl with a crush; her fiancé is a schoolboy in a pet. Nobody, with the exception of the spy, behaves as any adult behaves in real life, and even he emerges without loss of dignity rather because of Paul von Hernried's native distinction and skill than anything he is allowed to say or do. Albert de Courville has kept the thing moving, and where the writing is natural, as (oddly enough) it is in the conferences of the spies, the picture comes to life. On the whole, though, *An Englishman's Home* is one more proof that a director is as good as his script.

THE other three pictures are all old friends, too. *Stronger than Desire* (whatever that means) is a remake of an M.-G.-M. success called *Evelyn Prentice*, which derived from other successes going back to the time when a Neanderthal showman and the first glamour girl found another use for caves. Last time William Powell played the lawyer, and Myrna Loy his wife. Now Walter Pidgeon is the Sir Patrick Hastings of the piece, and Virginia Bruce the neglected little wife who becomes involved in a flirtation (oh, so harmless, but who would believe that?) with the handsome young blackmailer, the cad. In this extremity, what does the poor girl do?

YOU: She goes to the cad's apartment.

G. C.: All right, if you're so clever. Why?

YOU: To get the letters.

G. C.: What happens?

YOU: She sees an open drawer.

G. C.: How did you know?

YOU: There always is an open drawer.

G. C.: Well?

YOU: And there is a gun in it.

G. C.: Sure nobody told you? Go on.

YOU: She only means to frighten him—

G. C.: Naturally.

YOU: —but when he strikes her, the cad, the gun goes off, and the blackmailer falls dead.

That's what *you* think, but even the smartest smart-Alec slips up sometimes. If you want to know what really happened on the night of the 13th, go and see the picture for yourself. Or stay away, and see if I care. But if you do you'll miss some pretty good acting; and the direction by Leslie Fenton, who used to play dope fiends and hatchet-men and other recidivists, could hardly be better.

WOULD you like to be third-degreed about *The Island of Lost Men*, too? Well, I'm just not going to give you any more chances to show off. This time it's too easy. Here is the unspeakable trader, friendly-smiling, as Mr. Jeffrey Farnol used to say, who calls himself King of the River; and the poor devils who work for him because elsewhere the law is waiting; and the Chinese girl who puts herself within reach of his devil-hands, to use the Farnol idiom again, so that she may get back the 300,000 dollars he has stolen from her father, the general, the old sap, and clear his name in the sight of Confucius and the Chungking Government

In the end it all works out, thanks to a German professor, a kindly Cockney, his murdered monkey and some natives with tom-toms; and the King of the River gets what's coming to him, including a head that drops out of a sack with a sickening thud. The acting of J. Carrol Naish, Anna May Wong, Rudolf Forster and the rest is pretty good, and, speaking for myself, I thoroughly enjoyed every friendly-smile, snarl, shot and groan. But perhaps I'm funny that way.

"The Island of Lost Men"

Straight from the hairdresser and make-up man, soignée as a Parisian mannequin, Anna May Wong, heroine, posed in a marshy swamp with J. Carrol Naish, villain, for this still. In "The Island of Lost Men" she goes off into Malayan up-river country to rescue her father who has been kidnapped by the be-diamonded bandit above. There is a hero too, in the person of Anthony Quinn, Cecil B. de Mille's son-in-law. The film, reviewed on this page, has been showing at the Plaza

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Another *voluntary service badge, my dear?*"

KNIGHT, FRANK, AND RUTLEY, in their smash hit, *Going, Going, Gone*, have given the Gaiety its final shove into Limbo—fancy being able to buy up the front three rows of Gaiety stalls, dented by so many gay, distinguished, and gilded posteriors, for 1s. 3d. each! We fell to meditating with deep sympathy on what looks like being the tough luck of chaps returning in due course from the Front on ten days' leave, unless last week's optimistic rumours turn into reality. If we ever told such warriors glittering tales about *Chu Chin Chow, Tails Up, Bubbly, Cheep*, and a dozen more revues and musical shows taking place in a wartime London blazing with light, they 'd gaze at us blankly, deeming us to lie (we thought). In fact, surveying the locked and darkened West End theatres in daylight last week, we began to doubt the whole thing ourselves, and to believe that Siegfried Sassoon's celebrated philippic beginning:

> The House is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
> And cackle at the Show, while prancing ranks
> Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din . . .

was due to a mirage. For already one is becoming accustomed to a kind of war which may bring such menaces to the London night that life after dark as we knew it may be impossible for the duration. So if we were a theatre mogul (we thought), we 'd stop grizzling and nagging the Home Office, and start thinking about constructing theatres underneath the present ones, if possible; anyway, underground. Lifts would descend deep to the auditorium. Emergency tunnel-exits with staircases and escalators, air-conditioning and rigorous fire and raid precautions would satisfy the L.C.C. During an air raid audiences would stay put in perfect safety till the all-clear, obviating such mishaps as when that bomb fell near the Lyceum exits twenty-three years ago. Doubtless the scheme, if feasible, would cost a lot of money; but doubtless it would very soon bring in far more. We must have been in a pretty naïve and virginal frame of mind to be thinking up schemes to enrich West End theatre moguls, a fine collection of picklepusses, but we don't see how it could be helped, do you?

Moan

IN their secret fastness in the country—German wireless has broadcast its exact position, but nobody in Great Britain must know it—the B.B.C. boys have been weeping on the bosom of Mr. Gale Pedrick, saying what a raw deal everybody 's giving them, especially the Ministry of Information, which for some reason controls and censors all radio items now, among its other frolics. (See remarks on Bureaucracy, elsewhere.) Hence, it seems, we mustn't blame the B.B.C. for its current programmes; it is swathed in red tape. Nor is the old Joybox to blame if topline variety artists change their minds when the music-halls open, and so on; leaving one with the impression that the B.B.C. boys are more cleanly and noble and self-sacrificing than we had dreamed, and the hapless victims of bitter Circumstance. Ourselves, we 're stoutly on their side. Ninety per cent. of criticism of the B.B.C., we 've noticed, has always come from cretins who want red-nosed comics all day and night. These dumb-bells are doing most of the carping now.

Without falling into any idolatry of the B.B.C., one is forced to realise that at the moment the boys are in the same boat as the rest of us, bound and gagged by the Bureaucrats. One can be sorry for a quasi-State monopoly in this plight, but not very. After all, they 're a Government Department themselves, or do we rave abominably?

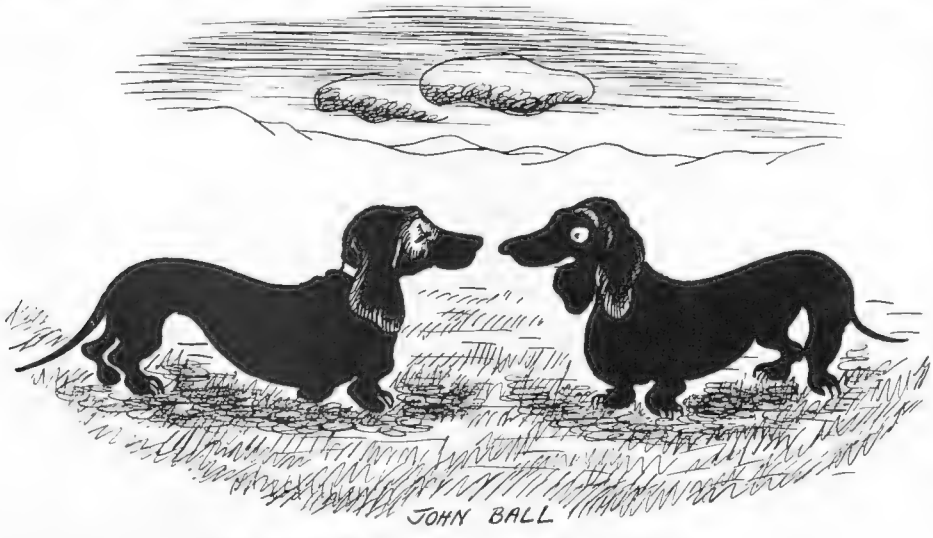
Bedbook

IF you 've nothing better to read, we recommend, as a present tonic, the perusal of a few histories of the last Great War, Slogger Lloyd George's memoirs particularly. These will infallibly cheer you enormously, because, so far as one can judge, the late world-conflict was conducted on all sides by such a collection of military dumb-bells—valorously combated by the politicians, Heaven's elect, as ever—that it 's a miracle anybody in Europe exists to direct or pay for the present imbroglio at all. When Lord Lansdowne predicts to the Cabinet in 1916 that unnumbered generations of the British will be striving hopelessly through the ages to recover from the enormous expenditure (so far) of men, money and material, he really means it, and it scares you stiff. And when Slogger Lloyd George (whose magnificent war services we are personally only too ready to acknowledge) describes in vivid, nervous prose the muddled imbecilities, the jealousies, the crass blunders, the incredible cretinism of 1914-18, it terrifies a chap so much that he can hardly believe that in the autumn of 1939 we are still alive and able to face the rough stuff again. So it goes.

This time we are luckier in our military leaders, anyhow. Last time we had two extremely difficult characters controlling our Army's destinies—Kitchener, an admitted enigma who fluctuated between extremes of greatness and almost childish stupidity, and Robertson, whose only handicap at the Allies' war councils was that he loathed and despised all foreigners, barring Germans, whom he rather respected. The abyss separating this type of soldier from a Gort and an Ironside is evident. Whether Gamelin will prove another Foch we shall know in due course. Pray God, meanwhile, he isn't too scared of the Military Correspondent of the *Times*, who disapproved highly of Foch's education and so can hardly condone Gamelin's having been at the Collège Stanislas, the Stonyhurst of France.

Blackout

THE remarkable failure, as yet, of our current poets to strike the British Lyre is being largely commented on by



"My family came over with Prince Albert"

those of us who love the boys and watch their feverish careers with sympathy. Probably the late war in Spain, which so many of them so kindly and shrilly adopted, has exhausted and shattered these sweethearts to such an extent that they look now like Watts's celebrated picture "Hope"—in which, you may remember, a fatigued lady crouches on a globe and fumbles despondently with a broken harp, completely down and out. The present silence of the Muses' children may be a good thing or it may be a good thing, as Aristotle remarked to the cheesewife of Delos, but it is none the less singular. Twenty-five years ago not only the professional poets, from Slogger Kipling to poor old Thos. ("Misery") Hardy, were rhyming away like blazes, but practically all the 8,987,546 amateur poets of Great Britain were letting it rip as well, summoning, denouncing, prophesying, inspiring, challenging, and squaring up to the situation like demons. The Great Western Railway, always a nest of singing-birds, even produced a poet, if you remember *The Day*, who rivalled Kipling in national appeal. And very soon, as one sickened of the now-God-be-thanked ardency of Rupert Brooke, there was a whole reassuring galaxy of real and vital front-line poets pouring out disillusioned song of every kind, from the tonic savagery of a Sassoon to the poignant pity and self-searching of a Wilfred Owen. The 1914-18 poets had of course more illusions to shed.

Meanwhile, the current boys being temporarily dumb (*O Auden! O poète! O mon maître divin!*), it might be an idea to republish some of the best work of their fighting predecessors; so many of whom, in accordance with the Government policy then prevailing, went out early and soon died, with the flower of volunteer British youth.

Sadismus

EXCEPT that they don't wear such impressive uniforms and don't bark quite so loudly, our native Hitlers are doing pretty well with the present commandeering of hotels. The procedure is beautifully Prussian, according to complaints. Government officials stamp into a large hotel one afternoon without warning and give everybody twenty-four hours to clear out, staff and visitors alike, including—when the hotel happens to be situated in a seaside or inland spa—the invalids, the aged, and the cripples. "I did not imagine," wrote an astounded hotel director to the papers the other day, "that such a thing could occur in this England of ours"; showing what a sheltered life, unspotted from the world, these glossy-haired boys must lead if they think the Official mind is in any way perturbed by spreading wholesale chaos and ruin when such action suits its book. All this happened in the last war, amazing and infuriating the patient citizenry just as much. They did not imagine, etc., etc. Nobody in this country ever does, believing implicitly that such things occur only abroad.

If you will take the trouble to isolate one bureaucrat from the mass and study him carefully, as we've done once or twice, you'll realise that the type just isn't human. It has more or less human shape, it eats and drinks more or less normally, and occasionally—incredible as it may seem—makes a kind of wooden and horrible love, if the word is not blasphemous in such a connection. Its cold, glazed eyes and rigid pan betray no common link with humanity, it has no passions and no desires, and when stabbed, a chap once told us who ripped up the seams of a Civil Servant, Class I., at a party, more in curiosity than anger, it dribbles a kind of greyish sawdust, highly displeasing. To dismiss it as a Prussian type is not entirely accurate, since it is international and a race apart. In every country its odious dial glares stonily through grilles and wickets and from behind bars, and in every country it tramples over human liberties unmoved.

Blitzkrieg

CIVILISATION has already scored a lightning victory over Yahoodom, as you may have heard. The troops in France are singing the tuneful swinging songs the troops sang in France a generation ago, the vicious negroid wailings and jungle-noises of Harlem having proved useless to men on the march, by all accounts. Practically none of the old songs of the road has needed bringing up to date. Except for an attractive new version of "Colonel Bogey," unprintable here, and that modernised version of "Pack Up Your Troubles," which the poet Squire outlined a little time ago, the words and music stand unchanged. This amounts surely to a tacit admission that something old has actually been found better than something new—a ghastly conclusion for Youth to face in any age?

By the time you read this the selected British war correspondent boys will probably have gone out, for better or worse. We are assured by one of them, a personal friend, that he will use the bright-and-breezy stuff as sparingly as possible. Last time there was a terrible tendency in one or two quarters to make the British Army one big idiotic cheerio, a tendency infuriating to the troops, whose comments were often blasting and occasionally vindictive. It's too soon yet to judge (*e.g.*, from the necessarily vague and meagre despatches of the present "Eyewitness" in France) whether this Fourth Form convention will lure the Press boys into fantasy again. God forbid. Very little time, proportionately, is spent by troops in singing; still less in grinning.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I find myself becoming more and more influenced by Van Gogh"

"The Story of Old Bill, 1914-1918"

No. 3. By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

THE transition of a cartoon character from the page to the stage is not an easy business, and is attended by considerable risk. Some exceedingly popular creations are even impossible to transform successfully from black and white into flesh and blood. They may, for instance, be too fantastic, and lose their attraction when provided with actual speech and human actions; or, on the other hand, human portrayal may remove a certain charm which the drawn caricature of an individual possesses.

Old Bill was lucky in this respect. It so happened that he could be transferred from one medium to the other without losing ground, and the result looked like the cartoons coming to life.

All that was necessary was gently to caricature his prototype via theatrical make-up, just as I do with the brush when portraying him in sketches, and having seen Old Bill played by many actors, both over here and in America, I have been astonished at the universal acceptance of his veracity.

WHEN I first began drawing the character, and for some considerable period to follow, it of course never entered my head that Old Bill would one day be found a good proposition for the stage.

I never even suggested that such an experiment should be tried. Again, like the creation of Old Bill on paper, it just happened, and this is how the whole thing came about.

ALBERT DE COURVILLE was the great producer of large and popular revues at the London Hippodrome during those war years, and it somehow or other came into his head that he would like me to appear personally in one of his shows, to do an act, as it were, although I do not know in what form I was to be presented. I was apparently considered enough of a freak by this time to warrant exhibition, and he offered me a three-figure salary if I would appear in his new revue *Flying Colours*, then in course of preparation for the Hippodrome.

I refused his generous offer for two reasons. Firstly, I was nervous at the thought of appearing on the stage; and, secondly, I had a sneaking idea that my local General, out in France, would much prefer me to go to a battle or two, in preference to appearing twice daily in London, at the Hippodrome.

De Courville was very disappointed that I could not see my way to accept, but as a substitute I suggested writing a trench sketch, which could be introduced into the revue.

To cut a very long and complicated story short, this was done, and with very great success. The writing of this sketch was my first stage effort, and it was nothing to shout about, but Old Bill, supported by his two pals Bert and Alf, easily succeeded in diverting the public's attention from the dramatic weaknesses. The main point was that Old Bill had triumphantly appeared in living form on the stage.

This first theatrical success led to another sketch being written by me, for André Charlot to use in a revue at the Comedy Theatre. Then, following the further success of this one, came the full-length play, *The Better 'Ole*.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as "Old Bill"

"In 'The Better 'Ole, or the Romance of Old Bill,' a play by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Eliot, to be produced at the Oxford on August 4. With this production the Oxford ceases to be a music-hall, as 'The Better 'Ole' will comprise the entire programme, and will be presented twice daily"

From "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," July 28th, 1917

I AM putting the sequence of events as briefly as I can, but of course the actual happenings, discussions, agreements, understandings, contracts and disappointments were about as aggravating and involved as those leading up to the Great War itself. In fact, after launching *The Better 'Ole* as a play, I felt glad to get back to the trenches for a rest. This sort of thing is common to most plays, and *The Better 'Ole* was no exception. The annoyances were, however, rather worse in my case, because I could only attend to the matter in intervals of going to all the Allied Fronts, which I had to do at that time.

The play was practically sold by an accident, and put on against most people's better judgment.

Charles B. Cochran was the man who had the courage and the convictions that led to *The Better 'Ole* at last appearing at the old Oxford Theatre.

I RETURNED from the Italian Front just in time to see the dress rehearsal, and the gloom that hung over that function could have been cut with a knife.

"Give it a fortnight," I heard some private critic remark in the stalls bar, and I agreed with him secretly, only I made it a week. I felt low about it all, the show seemed slow, episodic, and weak; but Cochran failed to be shaken by the general atmosphere, and Herman Darewski, who had done the music, was actually optimistic.

My collaborator in writing this play, Captain Arthur Eliot, shared my gloom, but was not so depressed as I was. I knew that, if this show was a flop, it would probably injure Old Bill on the stage for ever. It was in this mood that I slunk off back to my hotel and awaited the dread first night.

ON that ominous occasion, which took place on the third anniversary of the declaration of war, the theatre was packed: stalls, boxes, pit, circle, gallery filled to saturation point, the sadists all ready to turn their thumbs down or up as the case might be.

In this play, Old Bill makes his first entrance about five minutes after the first scene has started. He is first of all heard outside approaching an estaminet wherein a soldiers' sing-song is in progress. As he reaches the door, he says "'Ullo!" without himself as yet being seen. I wondered what would happen when this moment of his entrance arrived. To my amazement and relief, the whole audience broke out into applause on merely hearing the off-stage "'Ullo!", and doubled their welcome as Old Bill himself appeared in the doorway. From that moment onwards the audience's approval mounted in ever-increasing volume, and before the night was over we all knew that *The Better 'Ole*, and Arthur Bourchier as Old Bill, had rung the bell.

In spite of the success that evening, however, we did not realise its full magnitude. The show ran for eighteen months twice daily at the Oxford, and beat this record subsequently in a New York theatre. American enthusiasm for Old Bill and *The Better 'Ole* was just as great as it was here.

THUS did Old Bill establish himself, and from then onwards has appeared in one form or another all over the world. Little did I imagine, through all the years that I have acted as his combined trainer and sparring partner, that I would have to pilot him through a second Great War, but such is now the case, as will be seen in the forthcoming pages of the BYSTANDER.

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! whose chink's that over there!"

Williams, aged five years

Williams to-day, aged thirty-four

Williams, by Jacob Epstein

Photographs by Lee Garmes

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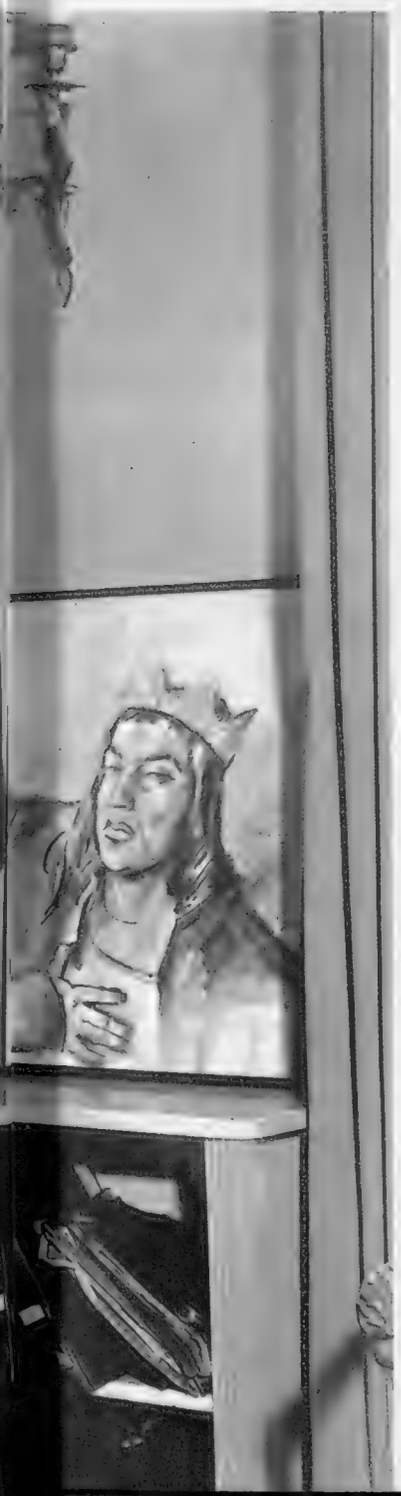
The family *consists of Emlyn and Molly Williams and their two sons, Allan Emlyn, nearly four, and Brook, nearly two. In 1936 Allan Williams, whose age was then reckoned in months, posed for a "Bystander" photographer with his father's typewriter; here he does it again; so in a few years we hope, his first play will be made public*

Emlyn Williams at Home

The "Bystander" visits the young Welsh playwright-actor in Pelham Crescent, Kensington

plays an important part in household, for Williams is a often misused instrument, his being carefully docketed and On the case is a drawing of in the Old Vic production



Family Portrait: the Emlyn Williams Pose Domestically in Their House at 15, Pelham Crescent

Pelham Crescent is one of those pleasant early Victorian roads in the S.W.7 postal district. The houses have four stories, basements, lofts, and access to private communal gardens in their fronts. Number fifteen is a corner house, and its entrance is distinguished on sunny days by a smart striped awning over the door. The master of this house is Emlyn Williams, a young Welshman who was born thirty-four years ago in Flintshire, and who has raised himself to Kensington opulence entirely by his own efforts (see him in his play *The Corn is Green*—now at Golders Green prior to a tour—for slices of autobiography). Williams won a scholarship from the Holywell County School to Christchurch, Oxford, and his aim in thus educating himself was to become a schoolmaster. But the O.U.D.S. gave him and his friends the necessary indication of where his real vocation lay. He got a part in the London production of *And So to Bed*, and went with this to America, making a number of managers mentally note his name for future occasions. He made this mental note even deeper by showing he could write, as well as act, plays. His first was *A Murder Has Been Arranged*. In the picture above he is at work on his ninth. The most successful with most people was undoubtedly *Night Must Fall*, in which he himself gave most of London the creeps as a cheerful young megalomaniac. This play was later filmed by Hollywood. Williams was not long without the film companies' attentions either: he has played in *Friday the Thirteenth*, *The Citadel*, *Jamaica Inn*, and shortly before war broke out, was due for parts in *What Immortal Hand* and *The Stars Look Down*. Mrs. Williams, here at work on a piece of tapestry, was Molly O'Shann before her marriage

***Appearance** is half the battle to a Guards regiment. The pleated skirt is unlike a kilt in that it comprises many yards of material wound round and round until it stands out like a ballet skirt. These pictures were all taken on Barracks Square in Athens*

***Mountain folklore** and folk-dances, as well as costume, are kept intact in the exclusive Ev*

The Evzos Guards in Athens

Kilted Greek Highlanders are Europe's Most Picturesque Sol

Greece, the "peninsular kingdom," the "cradle of European civilisation," has been independent in modern history for little over a hundred years. Since the decay of the ancient republic and the organisation of Greece as a Roman dependency, the pure Hellenes have been diluted by, but in the end have mostly absorbed, Latins, Goths, Avars, Slavs, Turks, Bulgarians, and Albanians (Illyrians). After the war of Greek Independence, the country once more raised its head as a sovereign state, and an unpopular Wittelsbach monarch was imported from Bavaria. This man (Otho I.) and his successor, a Prince of Denmark (George I.), modelled the Greek army uniforms on ideas of their own; that is, ideas of their countries. Only o Greeks fiercely resisted being weste these were the hill people whom called Arnaouts, but who called Skipetars (Highlanders), a race of descent. To lure such sturdy soldie army, a regiment was formed with incorporating their own peasant costu curious turn, this regiment became unit of the Greek army; since ince have guarded the head of the State now the ambition of every Greek join the Evzos Guards. But Evzone rifle regiments are closed to highlanders from the Macedonia

***The steps** lead to the dormitories*

***Like ballerinas,** the Evzones have to keep their dress-shoes in trim* →

"A cry more tuneable was ne'er holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, in Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly" ("A Midsummer Night's Dream")

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***The Evzones** are rifle regiments, deadly as snipers or in bayonet fighting*

Women in Uniform

The Buckinghamshire Red Cross Society Makes Hospital Supplies by the River

Last March a hospital supply depot was opened at Waterside, a country-house at Bourne End, where members met for an afternoon every two weeks. Since September 4th this "sewing bee" has become a full-time establishment. The work done there, in peaceful and lovely surroundings, has become familiar to an army of white-overalled volunteers all over Great Britain, who are working at hundreds of such depots established by the Red Cross Society

The tea interval *on sunny days is spent in the garden. Two young volunteers, Miss Margaret Bryson and Miss Josephine Dailey, wait on the quartet round the aster-decorated tea-table: Mrs. F. M. Fisher, Mr. W. C. F. Fairley, a volunteer transport driver, Miss Marie Lohr, and Mr. R. Bryson, the hon. treasurer of the Bucks. Red Cross Society. Mrs. Fisher is hostess to the hospital supplies depot established at Waterside, her attractive Bourne End house, and is also its able supervisor. Looking down on the party from above are Mrs. Fairley and Mrs. Gilbert*

President *of the Buckinghamshire branch of the Red Cross Society is the Hon. Mrs. E. F. Lawson, wife of Brig. the Hon. E. F. Lawson, general manager of the "Daily Telegraph." The Bucks. Central Red Cross Station is at the Lawsons' Beaconsfield house, Hall Barn. Mrs. Lawson, here working in a High Wycombe office, has organised some thirty hospital supply depots throughout her county*

The work-rooms *all look out on trees and flower-beds and lawns and river. This seems to inspire rather than distract the stitchers, cutters, folders, whose speed and efficiency has increased so rapidly that supplies of raw materials have not kept up. The depot was visited last month by Princess Marie Louise, who motored over from her home at Burnham and spent an hour inspecting the workrooms and discussing the work*

Waterside, *with lawns and*

***Actress** Marie Lohr, who has a house near Bourne End, has been working at the Waterside depot for several weeks. Here she checks up a dressing measurement. Every article—swab, mask, towel, bandage—is made to specification. New workers are taught correct methods by trained Red Cross members. During one mid-September week this depot turned out 1906 swabs, 24 many-tailed bandages, 19 operation masks, 18 large and 29 small towels*

rdens bordering the Thames, lives up to its name

***Towels** are being stitched by three young needlewomen, Miss Babette Le Motte, Miss Barbara Harcourt and Miss Maureen Bevan. Their handiwork was destined for the King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor. Supplies from Waterside are also sent to the Hall Barn Red Cross station and the Bourne End Red Cross branch*

***Checking** the week's output were Mrs. Fisher, the supervisor, Mrs. G. M. C. Gilbert and Mrs. G. Hansford White. Mrs. Fisher formerly worked for the League of Remembrance ("Bystander," August 9th) which also deals with hospital supplies, and during the last war she ran a home for refugee children in Suffolk*

***The machine-room,** staffed by Mrs. Colin Williamson, Mrs. Percy Pond, and Miss E. Clifford, was a guest bedroom in pre-war days at Waterside. Most of the house is given over to the depot, where the average daily attendances of volunteer workers is twenty-six, working 6½ hours a day*

Five Weddings

Mr. Gordon Duff and Miss Hersey Baird

Lachlan Cecil Gordon Duff is the younger son of the late Capt. Lachlan Gordon Duff, of Drummuir Park, Banffshire, and Mrs. Hardress Walker, of Forcett Hall, Yorks. Hersey Ellen Baird is the youngest daughter of the late William Arthur Baird, of Lennoxlove, East Lothian, and Lady Hersey Baird, is in the A.T.S. and has recently been driving for General Sir Walter Kirke. They were married at Holy Trinity, Haddington, and were piped from the church by pipers of the bridegroom's regiment

Commander V. R. S. Bowlby and Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley

Commander Vivian Russell Salvin Bowlby, R.N., and Lady Ann Lavinia Maud Montagu-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie announced their engagement in August, were married on Sept. 27 at Grenoside register office and Wortley Church. He is the son of Col. and Mrs. Bowlby, of Tunbridge Wells. She is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, of Wortley Hall, near Sheffield

Mr. McDonald and Miss Jean Fraser

Bishop Winnington-Ingram (right) married Anthony McDonald and Jean Fraser at St. Marylebone Parish Church. Anthony McDonald is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McDonald, of Tatsfield, Surrey. Jean Fraser is the only daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park

Capt. Skene and Miss Sutherland

Captain Dugald Skene, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. G. Moncrieff Skene of Hallyards and Pitlour, Fife, and Diana Wolfe Sutherland, younger daughter of the late Sir George and Lady Sutherland, of Cringletie, Peeblesshire, were married at St. John's, Edinburgh

Mr. Fitz-Clarence and Mrs. Schofield

Edward Charles Fitz-Clarence and Mrs. Vivian Schofield, of 88, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, were married at Caxton Hall register office. He is the son of the late Brig.-General Charles Fitz-Clarence, V.C., and Mrs. Fitz-Clarence, of 16, Chapel Street, S.W.1, is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Munster, was divorced by his first wife in 1930

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Crash in Libya

By V. S. Pritchett

THE literature of flying is a poor one. Mr. David Garnett and Mrs. Lindbergh have written exceptional books, and there is M. Antoine de Saint Exupéry, the author of *Night Flight*, whose new book, *Wind, Sand and Stars* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*), has just been translated from the French. After these it is a long drop into the bottomless pit of aviation "shop." M. de Saint Exupéry himself is mixed; passages which show a superb imaginative sensibility to the moral and physical sensations of the aviator's life are followed by padded pages of pure Charles Morgan. I am not one for "the divine beacon of the dawn"—and such. Perhaps this is partly the fault of the translation; perhaps the Latin mind cannot stop æstheticising even over the middle of an Atlantic tornado or in the back-breaking pockets and paralysing down-draughts and "mush" of the upper corridors of the Andes.

Out of his memories of flying on the Air-France African service, trying the Paris-Saigon long-distance and working with those South American pioneers who courageously searched for routes across the Andes, M. de Saint Exupéry has attempted to build up the aviator's moral and physical experience. They are governed by isolation, the fear of the earth and the fantasy of the sky. Driven down to sixty feet above a choppy Mediterranean which he must have crossed scores of times, M. de Saint Exupéry remembers that he was *glad* he was not flying a hydroplane. An ignorant non-flier like me would expect the opposite. "Altitude," he says, speaking of a safe African region where one can throw altitude away, "is our only riches." The land over and over again is the enemy It slams back the wind blasts from the mountain faces, its valleys suck away the air, it conceals little brooks more dangerous than rivers; in fog or darkness its simple slopes may just go on gently tilting until they catch you. This happened on the Paris-Saigon flight. Flying at night without wireless and befuddled by cloud, M. de Saint Exupéry hit a pebbled slope of the Libyan desert at 170 miles an hour and spent days tramping the desert in search of help until he almost died of thirst. This episode is the best written long piece in the book (his other excellences are fragmentary), and no land explorer I have read gives as vividly and as closely observed an account of the delirium, hallucinations, and despair of thirst. He frequently imagined his mechanic was talking to Bedouins; they vanished or became rocks when he ran up to them.

The adventures of flight are in the mathematics of the dashboard which take the mind off the fear of death. And death is less a personal tragedy than a hurt to the corporate virtue of the profession. Life swings between dream and nightmare. The tornado rolls the machine over and over or stuns it until it is stationary and the earth becomes suddenly frozen and still. At night the lost aviator goes about pursuing stars thinking they are the beacons of an air-field, until presently they set. There is an astonishing description of one flight (not M. de Saint Exupéry's) at night through what is called the Black Hole of Africa, where the airman picked his way from one patch of moonlight to another, among the pillars of a temple of water-spouts. His sensations must have been like those of a bee finding his way through the mosque of Cordova.

Dr. Eduard Benes

Next Tuesday is published Dr. Benes's "Democracy, To-day and To-morrow" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), of which an advance copy lay before him as he sat in his London suburban home. He has added a preface since war broke out. His Putney villa is now the headquarters of an army, the Czecho-Slovakian Legions being raised in England and France. M. Jan Masaryk, former Czecho-Slovakian Minister in London, General Serge Ingr and General Rudolph Viest, General Inspector of the Slovak Army, are among those working with him

MR. GRAHAM GREENE'S *The Confidential Agent* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a brilliant thriller, but unlike most thriller-writers, Mr. Greene doesn't think murder is fun or the Secret Service "a man's job" or the best home-from-home in the world. His Dover road-houses are full of cads and not Colmans, his Bloomsbury hotel is a brothel, his Embassies are riddled not with bullets but bad faith; and his women are either wraiths of childish pathos groping blindly between sin, suicide and murder, or tough daughters of the rich whose very honesty is a kind of brazen self-pity. D.—we never know his name—comes to England secretly from a country very much like Spain to buy coal for his side. L. is following, offering a bribe by a waiter, getting D. beaten up, putting him "on the spot" in Guilford Street, robbing him, planting a murder on him. D. endures with detachment. A secret agent is infected with war; against his will he spreads the infection around him. D.'s own side do not trust him, themselves are not trusted. These people are very real and original, their escapes are ingenious without being flagrant. D., shut into a flat near the Embassy, covers his face with shaving soap and, so disguised, defeats the police! But Mr. Greene's sadism, his nose for the seamy, the rasping, the seedy and the mean—these are liverishness, not life; life without the will to live. And one major characteristic of secret agents, he misses: their actor's temperament. If they are haunted, it is not by the end of the world but by their long repertoire of abandoned parts. D. and L. are Gielguds and Hardwickes gone wrong. But what a film this will make when Hollywood has waved the skivvy's hair, removed the bad language and the drink bottle from the coal-owner's daughter, and injected some of Ronald Colman into the unhappy D. Yes; what a film!

"PURGATORY REVISITED" might be the sub-title of Mr. Harold Nicholson's carefully manicured *Marginal Comments* (Constable; 5*s.*) on "the situation" as it was built up week by week in the year ending last August. Reading him is like going back over the knitting to see where one went wrong; it has its perverse satisfaction, pointed by a rather complacent wit: "There is only one difference between the Germany of to-day and the Germany of 1913. Before the war German diplomacy was governed by the views of the officers' mess. To-day it is governed by the views of the sergeants' mess." So what? He had some good letters. One signed "Mother of a Wykehamist" accused him of taking the attitude of "an arrogant bully" to Hitler. An even better one, dated last June, began: "Now that things in Europe are settling down . . ." One comment mentions the difficulty of getting information through to the Inner Cabinet. Those three things just about cover last year.

IT is a major crime of reviewing to review a book before publication. I unintentionally have committed this crime. But I hope those who have vainly asked some weeks back for Karel Capek's last novel, *The First Rescue Party* (Allen and Unwin; 7*s.* 6*d.*), will now ask for this admirable and moving book again. It is, I think, the best novel Capek ever wrote.

ALSO recommended: *King Sol.* By Barnett Sheridan (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Portrait of a Patriot.* By R. W. Thompson (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Trance by Appointment.* By G. E. Trevelyan (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Mr. Cribbage

Mrs. Sylvester James *Lady Anning*

Mrs. Jack Chrichton

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 6. "Decree Unless"

"I AM spending the evening at home," Mrs. Jack Chrichton informed Mr. Cribbage, who, having nothing vital to do for five minutes, had telephoned her. "And you?"

"I am going to a dinner."

It was on the tip of Mrs. Jack Chrichton's tongue to ask whether he was dining with Lady Anning or Mrs. Sylvester James, but she restrained herself, and was duly rewarded.

"A lot of men who couldn't think of anything better, and I suppose never get a decent meal throughout the rest of the year, meet on St. Swithin's Day on the principle that, if you start drinking then, you've got forty days of liquid to follow," he told her.

"Then what are you ringing me up about?"

"Just to tell you that I couldn't take you out."

"I never asked you to."

"But you might have, and I've always been told that prevention is better than cure."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton smiled. "If you think I've got nothing better to do than to ring you up," she began.

"Well, apart from actually seeing me, I don't suppose you have."

"I've got to write to my aunt, do my nails, finish a book, and give Jack his decree unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I change my mind."

Mr. Cribbage sent a page for a chair, and, sitting down in the telephone box, prepared to continue the conversation in earnest.

"You know I can't help thinking you are making a great mistake. Lady Anning said as much to me again only the other day. After all, there is such a definite shortage of men that I don't think you can really afford to discard one."

"And what did Mrs. James remark?"

"She never remarks anything; she only wondered how it was that you seemed to get on so well with me, whom she describes as 'a somewhat impossible proposition,' and at the same time fail to make anything of Jack, whom she says is 'easy meat.' There is another side to the business; if you set Jack free, he may become anything. It's a toss-up between a card-sharper and a billiard-marker at the moment."

"I don't seem to be able to get into people's heads that Jack doesn't want to come back," Jack's wife said a little petulantly.

"You needn't worry, Jack's doing that all right."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton gasped, whether from rage or surprise Mr. Cribbage couldn't tell.

"What's he saying now?"

"That you're a charming person and would make a delightful wife for someone else. He keeps on looking at me when he says it, too."

"If you think that you——" For once words failed Mrs. Jack Chrichton.

"Of course, the idea has never entered my head," Mr. Cribbage put in suavely. "Any more than it has yours. My whole mission in life is to make Jack go back to you."

"That's very sweet of you."

"Mine is a very nice nature."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton remained silent for a moment or two while the telephone made those extraordinary noises which it does when it talks to itself.

"I couldn't bear you to be the only altruistic person," she said at length. "Perhaps I may change my mind after all. I'll think about it."

"I believe you are what is called a good woman," Mr. Cribbage said, but there was not in his voice the enthusiasm for things virtuous which there should have been. "I'll come round after dinner if you like, and see which way your mind has veered."

"You needn't trouble."

"It's no trouble; besides Mrs. James has given me some new waistcoat buttons which have to be seen to be believed."

(*Concluded on page 56*)

Wartime Wedding

Make-up in Uniform

The Wedding March is still the same, even if it is being played by a military band, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, catch the spirit of the occasion just as well in a simple suit as they do in white satin. Wedding dress and going-away suit are combined in their attractive outfit above. The jacket, trimmed with bands of summer ermine, is worn over a lace-topped dress, charming for the first "At Homes" and useful all the winter afterwards. If this decorative but not particularly practical hat seems too elaborate, try a plain felt or a turban. And hide your gas-mask in a container disguised as a handbag

Scott Bushe

Lovely lingerie is a bride's prerogative, and if you're in uniform it will be a welcome contrast. Fenwick, 63, New Bond Street, suggest the delightful breakfast coat in blue and pink gauged chiffon shown above on the right. Fragile, but fascinating. If you are a chilly person they have a cosy-looking marabou cape in peach or pale blue, lined with crêpe-de-Chine, and a very varied collection of house-coats

Commandants seldom object to discreet make-up, so Yardley's, 33, Old Bond Street, are "doing their bit" by planning special colour series to use with the various uniforms. For all blues, they suggest Natural Rose Lipstick (3s.) and Cream Rouge (2s. 6d.), with English Peach or Rose Rachel Complexion Powder (3s. 6d.). With khaki, Vivid rouge and lipstick and Deep Peach powder are more flattering. Experts in their salon will be delighted to help you choose the right shades

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

DOWN the road, with arrogant stride, come a score of gaily-caparisoned toughs. Some wear shiny black hats, others sport knitted red "tops." They have skimpy blue coats over their horizontally-striped shirts. Massive belts keep up their white, bell-bottomed trousers, and on their feet are black shoes with large square buckles. They carry crude bludgeons.

Inside the bar of Ye Jolly Mariners, above Wapping Stairs, the smoke-hazy atmosphere is heavy with the conglomerate odour of beer, rum and gin. The confused babble of voices is drowned momentarily by an occasional gruff roar of laughter or a squawk from the old grey parrot with the knowing eyes. The older men are a hard-bitten lot, the younger ones are mostly weaklings. Such women as are there are shrews and hags.

Suddenly the door is flung open and a young man, panting with urgency, shouts: "The Press Gang!" Pandemonium breaks out. Men scramble wildly for the doors. Some dart into inner rooms. One youngster dives behind the bar counter and crouches there, his heart pounding. . . .

DOWN the street, with self-confident stride, come a couple of drably-dressed individuals. They wear regulation hats and are almost entirely enveloped in voluminous mackintosh capes, from beneath which their leggings and boots protrude uninterestingly. They carry official notebooks and screw pencils.

Inside the bar of the Spinning Wheels Roadhouse, the deodorised atmosphere is delicately perfumed with the conglomerate aroma of beer and cheap scent. All other sounds are drowned by the radio, which emits an apparently endless succession of dance tunes of varying degrees of inanity. The older men are mostly playing darts—and, incidentally, displaying an unexpected arithmetical dexterity in keeping the score. The younger men and their permed and be-

When every grocer's van is labelled "Food Supplies — Urgent," and every draper's "A.R.P. Priority," this notice in the back of a small saloon was the best dry comment on the new road-hoggery. Another take-off was "Priority, G.O.M.W."—Get Out of My Way. A clean-up of this pseudo-officialdom was expected last week

jumpered companions are clustered around a pin-table in the corner, knocking back gins-and-its with practised ease.

Suddenly the door is flung open and the car-park attendant, quivering with urgency, shouts: "The Impress Gang!" Pandemonium breaks out. Men and women dash out to their cars, leap aboard and try every artifice to effect a snappy departure. One or two cars, slow to start with reduced jets and Pool spirit, prove recalcitrant and are caught. . . .

THESE two pictures, one of the distant past and the other of the immediate future, are conjured up in my mind's eye by the discovery that—at any rate, as applied to the enforced requisitioning by the Army of private cars—the good old 1914-18 word "commandeer" has now been replaced by the term "impress."

Cars are daily being "impressed" for war service—at present with the voluntary co-operation of their owners; but I wonder if my prophetic vision of the Impress Gang may become a reality if the war lasts long. . . . We shall see.

CONSEQUENT upon the introduction of somewhat drastic fuel rationing, a number of enterprising folk have been at some pains to evolve ingenious, if bewildering, alternative fuel devices. Our old friends the gas-bags, seen in large numbers in the last war, are again in evidence in daily increasing numbers and fuel from charcoal and wood-pulp sources is also being toyed with.

The R.A.C. tell me that a number of enquiries have reached them as to whether it is discreet to mix paraffin with petrol in order to eke out the fuel ration. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that this practice was made illegal under the Finance Act No. 2 of 1931, and the Finance Act, 1935, unless a licence to do so has been granted by the Customs and Excise authorities.

THE new rules relating to the screening of head-lamps on motor-vehicles require that the bulb must be removed from the offside head-lamp.

The R.A.C. states that there are certain types of cars where the head- and side-lamps are combined, however, and to put the off-side lamp out of commission would mean that the car would be running with the near-side lamp only illuminated, and no lamp on the off-side to define the width of the car. On pointing out the obvious danger of such a proceeding to the Ministry of Home Security, the Club was informed that in such cases the off-side head-lamp should be treated as a side-lamp.

This means that the head-lamp bulb should be removed and the "dim" bulb retained. The glass should then be blackened off to a diameter of two inches, the reflector rendered non-effective, and the light aperture obscured in the customary manner.

The Wedding of the Jackal

(Continued from page 54)

"Very well, I'll try to dress up to them."

It was eleven o'clock when Mr. Cribbage put in an appearance at Mrs. Jack Chrichton's. The lady had constructed a throne in the middle of the drawing-room, and, garnished with a tiara and the contents of her jewel-case, looked like an exhibition of French jewellery. In deference to the Gallic atmosphere, Mr. Cribbage kissed her hand.

"You may sit," she said. Mr. Cribbage did so. "We understand that you desired an audience at this absurd hour, but for the life of us we can't remember what you wanted to talk to us about."

"Our state of mind. We have, if we recollect, a husband; more properly we should say, a consort," Mr. Cribbage replied with equal majesty.

"The royal prerogative does not suit you," Mrs. Jack Chrichton announced.

"Very few things do; if we wouldn't interrupt us, we should get on much faster. We were going to consider what was going to be done with a certain paper which our attorneys have sent us."

"We have considered. After careful thought we have decided it would be selfish to deprive the club of the company of our consort."

"Then we are going through with the divorce?"

"We are."

Mr. Cribbage passed his hand across his forehead and groaned. "This has been the most unsatisfactory evening of our lives."

"Of our life," Mrs. Jack Chrichton corrected him. "As far as our life is concerned, that is to say my life, we have found the evening extremely pleasant—until we—that is to say you—came in. Now things have altered for us, and we are not so amused."

"We have signed and posted the decree?"

"We have signed, but we didn't post—we thought we might slip it in the letter-box on our way home." Mr. Cribbage looked up and caught the determined expression in Mrs. Jack Chrichton's eyes. "If we think we are going to waste our lives on a consort like Jack, we are very much mistaken."

"I suggest we drop the royal prerogative, we are getting in an unholy muddle."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton nodded regally. "If we'll take off our waistcoat buttons, us'll remove our tiara."

Mr. Cribbage removed his waistcoat and put it in his pocket, while Mrs. Jack Chrichton took off her jewels.

"You want me to post it?" Mr. Cribbage said.

"Who else?"

He strolled over to the mantelpiece and, taking up the long envelope, balanced it in the fingers.

"Have you noticed how light important things are?"

Mrs. Chrichton looked puzzled and, standing by him, shook her head. Mr. Cribbage bent down and kissed her gently.

"Well, you do now," he said. He turned away from her and went towards the door.

"It's lucky that I had the document ready for you," Mrs. Jack Chrichton said. "Otherwise you would have come all this way for nothing."

"I didn't come for this—I came to show you my waistcoat buttons," Mr. Cribbage reminded her.

"Well, be careful you don't put the decree round your middle and post the waistcoat by mistake."

Mr. Cribbage handed her his waistcoat. "I'll leave this with you, if I may, then I can't make an error," he said.

Mrs. Jack Chrichton watched him from the window as he slipped the envelope into the box, and, because he knew she would be watching, Mr. Cribbage turned and blew a kiss towards the shadowy figure.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The Moon and the Bomber

However many more oppressed terrestrials Herr Hitler may be destined to free, his machinations have benefited one small planet and reinstalled her as a first-class power—the moon. Until gas lighting triumphantly blazed up under Queen Victoria, the four-phased moon, unjustly branded as fickle, was a factor in the night affairs of men. Journeys were arranged, nocturnal divertissements planned with an almanac to hand. The moon played a part in the schemes of cut-purses and generals. Now after half a century of social eclipse (save for lyrical service in rhyming with June, soon or croon) the moon makes a come-back to blacked-out civilisation. In this fine picture by a Photopress cameraman, Diana, alias Cynthia, rides gloriously over the sleek shape of one of Mars' newest playthings, a "Blenheim" bomber

Lenare

Graham Hoare and Elizabeth Gilbert Scott

A September engagement was that of Graham Vincent Hoare, son of the late Maj. V. R. Hoare, and Mrs. Hoare, of Manor End, Berkhamsted, Herts., and Elizabeth Gilbert Scott, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Scott, of Brook House, Bourne End, Bucks., and 86, Brook Street, W.1. Her father is a well-known surgeon, and brother of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect. She has been acting with the Birmingham Repertory Company for two seasons

Lenare

Ursula Susan Foljambe

Is the only daughter of Major the Hon. Bertram and Mrs. Foljambe, of Highwood, Hertford Heath, Herts., and niece of the Earl of Liverpool. She is engaged to Stephen Carrington Smith, only son of the late George Smith, of Stafford House, Broxbourne, Herts., and Mrs. Smith, of Woodway, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Harlip

Irene Sophie Heller

Is engaged to John Thomas Borthwick, elder son of the Hon. James and Mrs. Borthwick, of Fox Hills, Long Cross, Surrey, and nephew of Lord Whitburgh. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Heller, of 2, Buckingham Place, S.W.1

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Joan Suzanne Webber

Is the only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Webber, of Mathern Lodge, Penylan, Cardiff. She announced her engagement in September to Dr. John Stobo Pritchard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Preece Pritchard, of Beaconsfield, Barry, Glam.

Lenare

Betty Archer

Irene Elizabeth Archer, twin daughter of C. W. Archer and Mrs. Archer, of 6, Wellington Rd., W.8, is engaged to Frank William Simpson, R.A.F., son of the late Capt. F. Simpson, and the Hon. Mrs. Leonard Vestey, of 10, Abbey Lodge, N.W.8. Her twin sister, Leila, is also engaged, to Geoffrey Roberts

Lenare

Pamela Violet Massey

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howorth Massey, of Welches, Bentley, Hants. She announced her engagement on September 14th to Charles Edgar Coupland, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Weidner, of Tynemouth, Northumberland

Vandyk

Muriel Florence Robinson

Is engaged to Capt. John William Anson Lowis, who is in the Indian Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lowis, of Lavender Cottage, Bracknell, Berks. She is the daughter of the late Herbert W. Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson, of Stroud Court, Eynsham, Oxon.

Douglas

Catherine Laird Bonser

Is engaged to P. H. St. John Wilson, elder son of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford, and Mrs. H. A. Wilson, of Bishops Court, Chelmsford. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Bonser, of 2, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.2

Catherine Bell

Molly Duff

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon Duff, of 13, Sumner Place, S.W.7. Her engagement was announced last month to Havilland Hillman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hillman, of 4, Clifton Hill, N.W.8

Marjorie Chadwick

Marjorie L. Chadwick, daughter of Varner R. Chadwick, and the late Mrs. Chadwick, has announced her engagement to Jack Haydock, son of Mrs. M. Haydock, of Wilpshire, Lancs.

Lenare

Beatrice Phœbe Kaye

Will be married in November in Haifa to Edward Forrester Parker, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Forrester Parker, of Tullyveely, Killyleach, Co. Down. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kaye, of Crabblea High, Hatfield Peverel, Essex

Crossley-Holland — Cowper

Peter Crossley-Holland, eldest son of Dr. W. F. Crossley-Holland, High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and Mrs. Crossley-Holland, of Oakwell Park, Dunstable, married Joan Mary Cowper at All Saints', Leighton Buzzard. She is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Cowper, of The Manor House, Leighton Buzzard

Newton Dunn — Brooke

At Greywell Parish Church, Hampshire, Owen Frank Newton Dunn, second son of Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Newton Dunn, of Newlands, Salisbury, married Barbara Mary Brooke, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. R. R. Brooke, of Greywell Manor, near Basingstoke

Blackburn — Bowes-Wilson

At All Souls', Langham Place, Guy Blackburn, F.R.C.S., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Blackburn, of 24, Coppers Cope Road, Beckenham, married Jean Margaret Bowes-Wilson, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. J. H. Bowes-Wilson, and Mrs. Maxwell, of Thorpe Abbotts, Diss, Norfolk

Corkery — New

A West Country wedding took place at St. Mary's, Uffculme, when Terence Corkery, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. M. G. Corkery, of Kerry House, Taunton, married Ann Elizabeth New, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. G. New, of Craddock, Cullompton, Devon

Bousfield — King Farlow

Paymaster-Lieut. Robin Bousfield, R.N., son of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Bousfield, of 10, Albion Street, W.2, and Daphne King Farlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley King Farlow, of 10, Chartfield Avenue, S.W.15, were married at St. John's, Putney

Alexander — Smart

D. G. S. Alexander, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. D. T. I. Alexander, of Bagshot Heath, Camberley, and Mary Frances Carew Smart, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Smart, of Rathmoyle, Godalming, were married at Compton Church

Alexander — Bosanquet

Lennox Bruce Alexander and Mary Powys Bosanquet were married at All Saints', Hockerill, Herts. He is the youngest son of Mr. Edward Alexander, C.M.G., and Mrs. Alexander, of Ripsley House, Liphook, Hants.; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicolas Bosanquet, of Woodlands House, Bishops Stortford

Prescott — Aldridge

Stanley Prescott, son of Sir William Prescott, Bt., and Lady Prescott, of The Chestnuts, Godmanchester, Hunts., and Gwendolen Aldridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Aldridge, of 31, Queen's Gate Gardens, Kensington, were married at the Parish Church, Godmanchester

Dewar — de Vere Beauclerk

At the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, James Dewar, son of the late James Evan Dewar, and the late Mrs. Cyril Campbell, married Hermione de Vere Beauclerk, younger daughter of the late Major A. N. Beauclerk, and Mrs. Gerald Greig, of 63, Cadogan Place, S.W.1

Changing Tin Hat for Wig: Tudor Davies as Faust

"Faust" was chosen to reopen the Sadler's Wells opera season, and Tudor Davies was chosen to sing the to him familiar name-part. On the left, he makes-up for it, keeping his tin hat handy against any possible Mephistophelean or other machinations

The queue of opera fans which grows up on the Clerkenwell pavements outside the Wells as regularly as mushrooms in the autumn was as youthful and patient as ever (some had waited since 6 a.m.); but gas-masked, for the opening performance

A Queue of Enthusiasts at Once Grew Up

Sadler's Wells Has Reopened

Opera in English will be given every Saturday in Rosebery Avenue; this has been made possible by Wells supporters clubbing together to form a guarantee fund. Ballet classes, under Ninette de Valois and Sergueeff, will also be continued, by request. Under the theatre is a public air raid shelter, at whose door on the left stands air raid warden John Wright, the tenor

Joan Cross sang Gretchen in the Sadler's Wells opening opera, "Faust," Tudor Davies was Faust, Roderick Lloyd was Mephisto. Below are mustered the first, attendant maidens, and Sumner Austin, the producer. Lawrance Collingwood conducted

Opera Above, Shelter Below

Maidens, Marguerite and Producer: Joan Cross and Sumner Austin

Printers' Bills Were Saved

Scene-painters executed the announcements of forthcoming performances and saved the impoverished management printers' bills. Here Joan Cross helps put up the poster of the reopening; last Saturday the company gave "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; next Saturday "Figaro"

Giving Wings to Words

By Charles Ward

On Dropping a Brick

DROPPING a brick has taken on a new meaning since war started against Germany. Some number exceeding 20,000,000 is the total of pamphlets dropped over enemy territory, and each pamphlet, with hundreds of others, has been ejected in the form of a brick. Reconnaissance flights have been undertaken as far afield as the Baltic coast and Berlin, all aircraft returning safely from these "raids." On the Western Front, air activity has been confined mostly to photography, whereby an up-to-date map of the Siegfried Line has been compiled. By modern methods, the aerial camera can map hundreds of square miles in a single flight, and with the aid of infra-red film, haze, mist and light fog can be penetrated. Since 1918 tremendous progress has occurred in all branches of photography, British technicians taking the lead. In England and within the Empire honours in the field have been divided between the Canadians, who have mapped a large portion of the Dominion from aerial photographs, and two British groups, the Aircraft Operating Company and the Air Survey Company. The former of these two has a complete unit available in England and another in Africa. The Royal Air Force has its own school of photography, but much of the advance in the art of making plans from the air has been due to civilian enterprise. The same methods apply, whether the object of the flight is to secure data for building a railway, drilling an oil well, or "strafing" the enemy.

Turkish Flying Girl

Sahiba Gokcen, adopted daughter of the late Kemal Ataturk, in her pilot's dress, is typical of the young Turkey he created

The Unknown Quantity

ON October 4th, when these notes were written, there were still no signs of air action by large bombing formations, and therefore the adequacy of defence against this type of attack has still to be proved. The enemy has refrained from such an offensive for the very good reason that a swift reprisal would be almost simultaneous, with the consequent difficulty of distinguishing between friend and foe during the first few days. The Nazis hope to establish a peace without mutual destruction, the idea being to consolidate their gains before putting pressure on our defences in another direction. Independent air action of the type developed under Lord Trenchard in 1918 may well decide the course and duration of the war, but until it is tested against the vastly improved defences on both sides, no one can assess its true value. Anti-aircraft fire-power is effective up to 25,000 ft. at least. One of our pilots reported the attentions of "Archie" at 21,000 ft., the shells bursting uncomfortably close. Low-flying attacks defeat the big guns, but meet the opposition of batteries of machine-guns, pom-poms, and the enemy fighters, who can easily dive and climb for position again and again.

Across the Atlantic

THE "Yankee Clipper" has made her last trip of the season via Newfoundland and Eire, the service to be resumed next year as soon as good weather conditions set in. The Americans have beaten us to it on the Atlantic route, partly for the reason that they have not been occupied with preparations for defence. Communication by air with the States for the duration of the war is likely to remain an American affair, and from our point of view this is a good thing. From Saturday last the Southern route—New York, Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon—came into operation with four departures a week. Work is approaching completion on the North Beach airport for the city of New York. Covering 550 acres, the greater proportion of which is reclaimed land, the airport has cost more than £8,000,000. The flying-boat hangars are connected with slipways by rail tracks so that haulage becomes a simple matter when servicing is required. Traffic control has been planned to handle up to 1000 arrivals and departures each day. The Transatlantic liners, both land-'planes and flying-boats, will operate from North Beach from the middle of next year.

The Trouser House Gown

The full trouser gives a skirt effect with pleats in front. Tailored bodice with stitched tie collar and zip front. In saxe, mahogany, green, navy, sage. From 5½ gns.

Shop hours until further notice :
Mon. to Fri., 9 - 5.30. Sats., 9 - 1.

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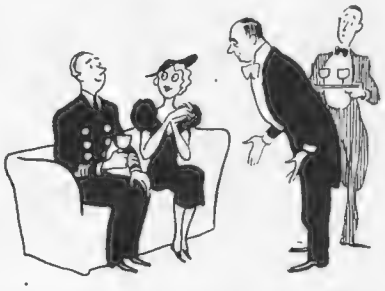
Introduction

THAT the nice social places of London should continue in wartime, and should actually be glad to see you in your nice social moods, need be no surprise. There is no reason, apart from the Budget, why the oysters and champagne of peace should turn into the cakes and ale of war. The West End of London still keeps its doors open, though you may miss them if you haven't got a taxi. Closing is general about midnight to allow for home-going. Food at the moment is as good and plentiful as ever, though certain Continental dishes and specialities are perhaps difficult to obtain for a period. Some big chefs have been called up; one of forty-eight, with a family and four years in the last war, went off on the first day to orders. In one cosmopolitan restaurant of which I am fond, the proprietor is a Pole from Warsaw, and he gave a small party for his four cooks that were leaving next day, two for France, two for Germany.

Every restaurant has an air-raid shelter in it, or handy. At least, all that I am writing about here have. None seems quite to know what effect rationing might have on its routine. Hardly any (and this is post-Budget) have put up their prices, and some lower them for people in uniform. Gas-masks are mostly left in cloakrooms, and with cinemas curfewed as this goes to press, congress dances more than it did. Uniforms abound till all hours, and hats are from forage to brass. Good luck to them!

The May Fair



Naval supremacy at the May Fair

THE restaurant at the May Fair is a great haunt just now for lunch and dinner. Since the arrival of Ferraro as the welcoming genius to those pleasant halls of excellent food and smooth service, numbers have been increasing; and the outbreak of war gave only a temporary setback to the healthy statistical upswing of the attendance line.

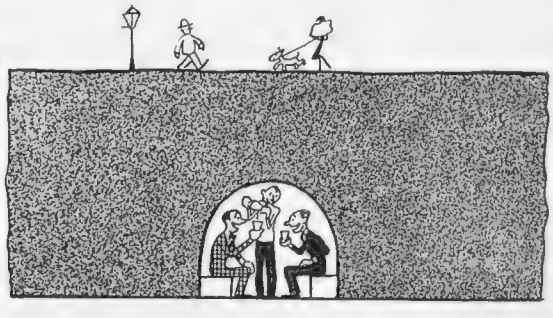
Most of Ferraro's masculine friends are now in uniform of one sort or another, and I have no doubt that the same goes for his possibly more numerous feminine friends. But the latter go back to mufti for the evening hours. Then, to Sydney Kyte's music, which starts before 9 p.m., dancing is general, though it needn't interfere with your swagger dinner if you are putting Ferraro through his paces.

And so you will be having your coffee and brandy just about when S. Kyte is increasing his waltzes. If you, Sir, are young and lucky, you will be put into one of the two opposite corners of the restaurant that Ferraro keeps for couples who are that way. And you will be pleasantly surprised at the friendliness of the bill at the end.

Practically the whole of the first floor of the hotel has been organised as a luxurious shelter in case trouble starts. And there is a public shelter on the premises also. They do look after you at the May Fair.

Prunier's

PRUNIER'S is doing good work for the Allied cause, in London and Paris. Traktir, in the latter capital, will soon be providing the roving cameraman with shots of the great generals and



Prunier's has three of these

statesmen toasting each other, analogous to those that we see already of the ranks getting matey "somewhere in France." The other Paris Prunier is closed for a bit, but London goes strong.

You will find little difference in St. James's Street from the Prunier's that you have known and loved for the last three years or so. Madame has had momentary difficulties in the recent weeks ensuring the arrival of "tout ce qui vient de la mer"; because "la mer" is a bit troubled with marauders and imposts just now. But the oysters from English waters have, some of them, been transplanted in peacetime from French and Portuguese beds. And by now the fish supply will have been safeguarded by licence. In view of which one is thankful that prices have not gone up. Even the duck, "Rouennais à la presse," is there for your asking. Cadier, the new chef, is a great acquisition.

Prunier's boasts some of the cosiest shelters I have seen. And, to keep up the spirits in case the scare is a long one, a small bar is being built in the middle of the three, and Wally will do "business as usual." Wines . . . well, you know the Prunier wines. The "On Prendra" service continues. "Souper Intime" has had to be cut, of course, and the restaurant is not open on Sundays. Otherwise, it is Prunier's. And that means everything.

The St. Regis

As more and more young men rush to the Savile Row district for uniforms these days, more and more of them find the whereabouts of the St. Regis, which you 'll see as you emerge from the Burlington Arcade coming from Piccadilly. On the ground floor thereof you will discover a restaurant that serves the loveliest food and wines at most reasonable prices. Bordini knows just what you are wanting if you yourself are hesitant.

Dancing is news at the St. Regis

The St. Regis has been going, and going well, for half a year and more now; but it is starting dancing in the evening to answer the obvious demand of the times. You won't have to be in evening dress to dance. Officers of the Services predominate numerically there, and the St. Regis has long been a pied-à-terre for the man in town for a night or two from his regiment, ship, or squadron. They have floors of suites and apartments of most moderate rentals for the short or long resident.

Remember the wines in the restaurant, and take a good look at the long list. The cold table, too, is essentially recommendable. And, for old time 's sake, when you are having your cocktail at the bar, feed a biscuit to the friendly fish in the fountain.

Le Bon Viveur

Plus ça change, plus c'est Le Bon Viveur

Oh, yes, most certainly the Bon Viveur continues. Why shouldn't it? For the first week of the war, the black-outs scared people to stay indoors at their homes, lest they lost themselves for ever. But then they found that movement, even in the small streets of Mayfair was possible and pleasant, and the Bon Viveur gathered its crowds again.

Davico has made no changes, and there is need of none. That small band still plays in the evening from the rafters, if you should feel the need to dance. The food is still superb. I had no experience, personally, but I read so often that men in the trenches dreamt about their first dinner on leave in London, and all the good things they would have. I am sure that I would plan my meal in these circumstances at the Bon Viveur. A cocktail first in the rabbit bar, and then a planned feast with wines that Davico should suggest. He never goes wrong. Finally, the bumper cup of coffee and a brandy. Worth waiting for.

But you can go and have it any night now, if you are a member of this little club. The prices, never exorbitant, haven't risen. Quietness is all, and the service is so good that you don't notice it.

Hatchett's

For two hundred years Hatchett's has ridden the storms and crises of London and England. It was not called Hatchett's in Pickwick's times, of course. But it has been open since then. Possibly, during recent unpleasantnesses, the fact that the

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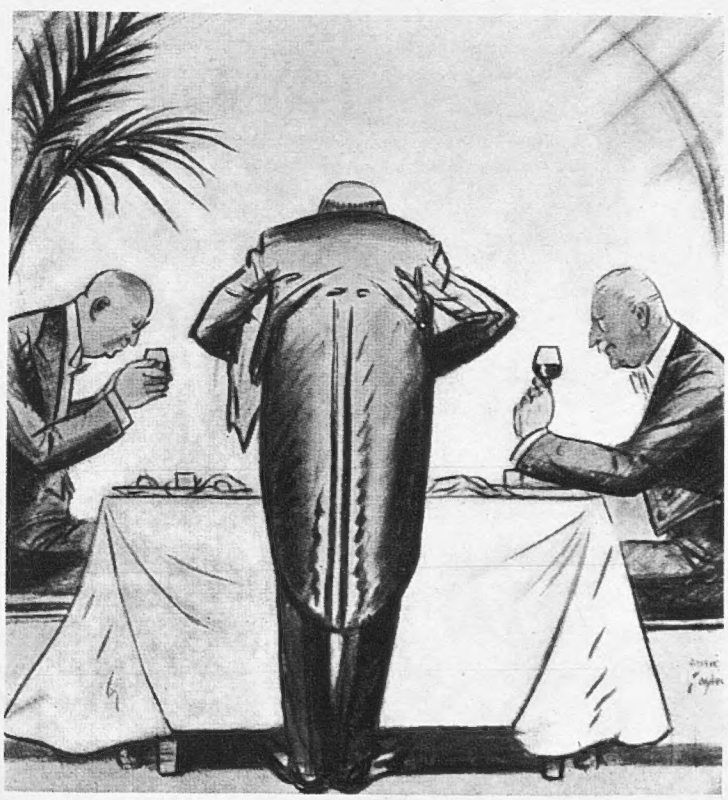

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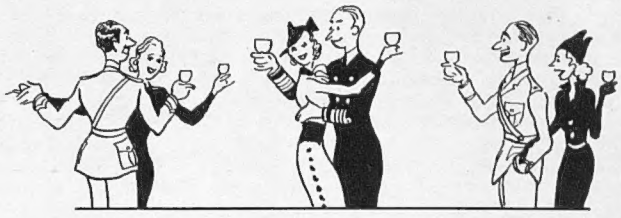
restaurant is wholly underground has accounted for a part of its popularity. The Services have always patronised it, particularly the Navy and the Colonial Empire-builders. That bar half-way down the Piccadilly steps is still reserved for men, and there is still a book of names and addresses for cross-reference



Dancing and cocktails at Hatchett's

by home-on-leaves. But elsewhere, Hatchett's, thanks to Boscasso and a go-ahead management, has started most successfully catering to the ladies; with lighter dishes à la carte, with banks and banks of flowers; with sofa seats for twosomes; and now with dancing.

Yes, you will find an excellent band now ensconced at cocktail-time (that 's an innovation, too) at the east end of the restaurant. You can, and will, dance before, during, and after dinner. And in comfort of spirit and body you will test the depths of Boscasso's genius in food and wine, until peace and friendliness envelop you, and you forget that all is not well outside.

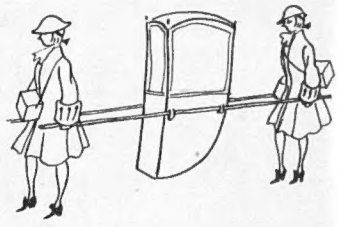
The New Queen's

Part-songs at the New Queen's

EXCEPT for the ground-level bar, the "Cresta," the New Queen's is well downstairs, and protected for its length and breadth. There is a second bar downstairs, too, where you can drink and wait for your friends, and listen to the talk of Charley, the barman, who was once a circus equestrian expert. Thence into the Brasserie, for lunch or dinner, or those long hours after dinner when the London world is otherwise comfortless. Then the Brasserie comes into its own. Java plays delicious, lilting music through dinner and up till a late hour. I know of no place in London's West End life, except the Queen's Brasserie and Ridgeway's Late Joys, where you can sit and sing between good gulps of beer, or whatever you fancy. From about 9.30 onwards, you will find that, unorganised, untroubled and unembarrassed, strong men let go on "Daisy, Daisy," and many others such, and enjoy themselves hugely.

Nice people, young people, pretty girls, and those who have been working late in Government offices; these are the types that come to eat, drink, and perhaps let off steam at the Queen's. Lunch is as popular as ever, especially with the ladies, who go for the Scandinavian sandwiches and American salads that have long been specialities here.

The Shepherd's Tavern



Ancient and modern

HERE in Hertford Street, where the Mayfair mannequins have their digs, and the spirit of Michael Arlen is abroad, is a little pub that makes the best of two worlds. The world and day of sedan chairs (the telephone booth downstairs is a sedan chair) which were fashionable when this pub was young, and the world of to-day when keen lunchers and diners demand asparagus tips and lobster Newburg. On the ground floor is the bar, a large room with delightfully restful and form-fitting chairs, low tables, and sporting prints on the walls. Pretty ladies serve you your drink, which may be a pint of bitter or a champagne cocktail. Then you go up the narrow staircase and come into the dining-room, where perhaps thirty can be served at a time; no more. The food is first-rate, be it simple three-course lunch at the host's table, or five courses chosen by the card. The plates of the day are chosen well, and you will generally find amongst them a good English staple, like Roast Beef or Irish Stew. (That sounds Irish.)

Not open Sundays now, but every other day from before lunch to ten in the evening. Here, too, in Mayfair, the captains and knights-at-arms of the day find their meals all present and correct.

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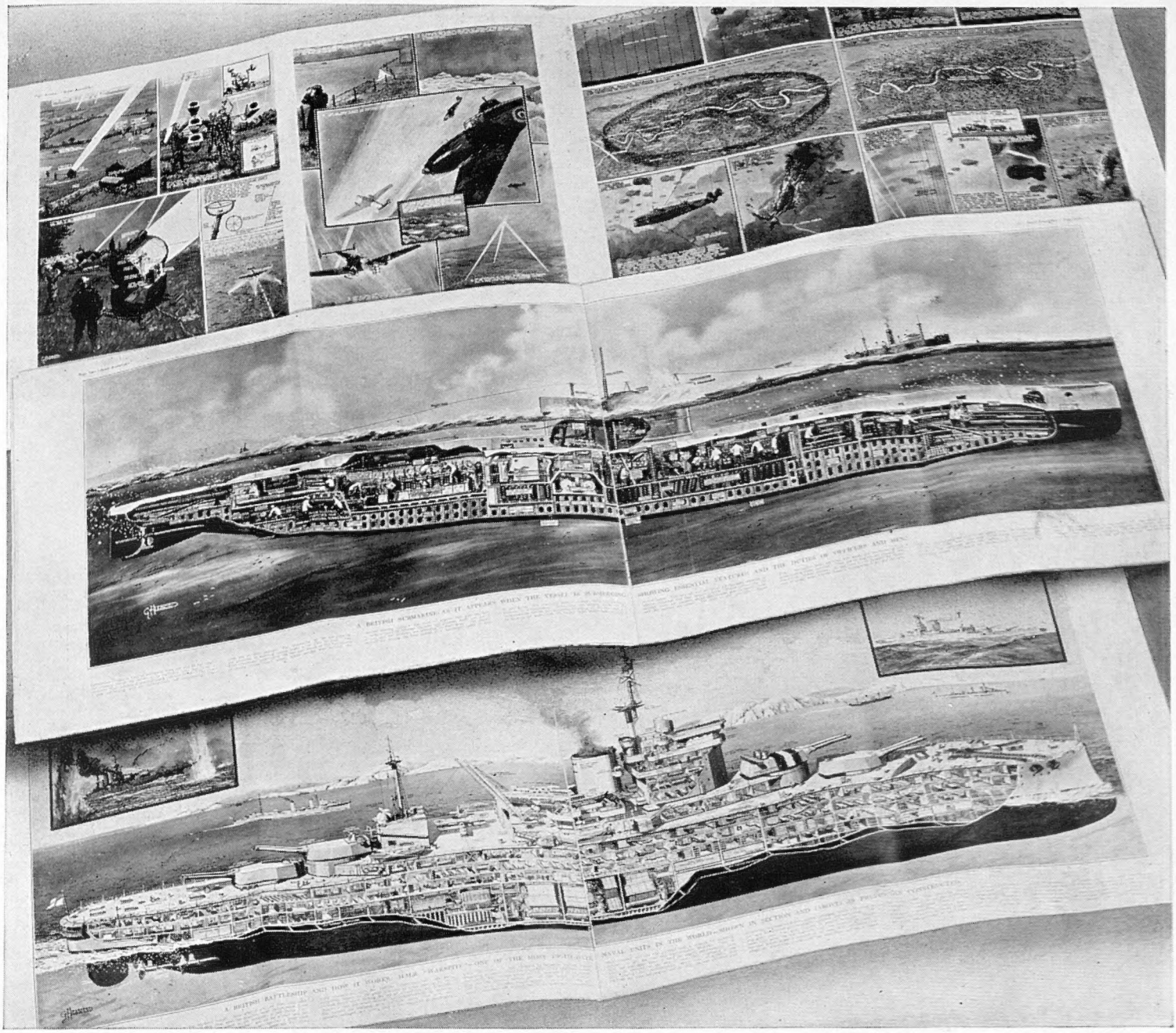

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